

Pretty Boudoir Boy

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30763517) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30763517>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF , Minecraft (Video Game)
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Pictures , Nude Photos , Boudoir , boudoir photos , Accidental Photo-Sharing , Accidental Voyeurism , (through the internet) , Flustered Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Second-Hand Embarrassment , Texting , Discord - Freeform , Discord server , discord messages , Discord NSFW Server , Teasing , Pretty Privilege , Pining , Mutual Pining , Masturbation , Mutual Masturbation , Flirting , Phone Sex , Webcam/Video Chat Sex , auralism , Voice Kink , Clay Dream's Voice (Video Blogging RPF) , Body Worship , verbal body worship , Dirty Talk , Dry Humping , pillow humping , Long Distance Relationship , Leather-Bound Books , Gifts , Men's Lingerie , Lingerie , thigh highs , lacy underthings , Romance , Fluff , Fluff and Smut , Something a little different but very sweet!! ♥
Language:	English
Series:	Part 16 of Dream Team SMUT fics
Collections:	MCYT , 10/10 Would Reread , holy shit why is this so fucking hot? , smut
Stats:	Published: 2021-04-18 Words: 5397

Pretty Boudoir Boy

by [Fetish Ball \(arsenicarose\)](#)

Summary

George sent him pictures all the time, usually of his cat or his dog, sometimes a silly meme, but rarely a picture of himself. That meant Dream was wildly and completely unprepared when it was not only a photo of George, but an incredibly risqué one at that.

(AKA George discovers that he likes it when Dream calls him pretty.)

Notes

This work has TWO pieces of artwork for it now! Both are spoilers!! They are also in chronological order lol.

https://twitter.com/S0cks_0/status/1384339581395427328

<https://twitter.com/fyuufyu/status/1385726869656440833>

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It all started with a photo. Dream woke up to it on his phone, though he thought nothing of it. George sent him pictures all the time, usually of his cat or his dog, sometimes a silly meme, but rarely a picture of himself. That meant Dream was wildly and *completely* unprepared when it was not only a photo of George, but an *incredibly* risqué one at that.

George was kneeling on his bed, straddling a pillow that was shoved between his legs. All he was wearing was a pair of tight white briefs (that left little to the imagination), an oversize navy blue shirt, and a kind of blindfold/scarf that obscured most of his face and hair. One of his arms was tossed above his head carelessly, and one was drawing the hem of the tee up, exposing a huge expanse of skin. The grin on his face was absolutely infectious, and Dream found himself aroused immediately.

He knew George had sent it as a mistake. He *knew* it wasn't meant for him, but that didn't stop him from quickly saving it, from dropping it in a secret folder on his Google Drive, one completely dedicated to George, buried in old school work. His best friend might not have sent him pictures often, but that didn't mean Dream hadn't been collecting them. There were a lot of George simps out there, all dedicated to meticulously cataloguing how pretty George was, and Dream had been lost in 404twit for a long time, with an alt, of course.

Once Dream was triple sure that he had the photo saved, backed up, and secured, he sent George a message.

Dream: Hey, um, thanks?

George: What?

The photo quickly disappeared from their discord conversation.

George: Oh!

George: Oh fuck!

George: Oh I'm sorry!

George: Sorry that was...

George: Nevermind, just pretend it never happened, please?

Dream: No <3

Dream: It's a nice photo. ;)

George: Shut up, Dream. Oh my GOD.

Dream: I'm being serious!

Dream: What was that for anyway?

George: It doesn't matter.

Dream: Please?

George: It's really not important!

This was a dangerous game, and Dream knew it, but he couldn't help but push. It wasn't weird, right? He and George teased each other all the time! Besides, what's the point of getting a lewd photo from a friend if you can tease them over it a bit (especially since Dream couldn't do what he *actually* wanted to do.) After only a moment's hesitation, he pressed the call button.

"What do you want, Dream?" George demanded, voice harsh and defensive.

"I wanted you to hear that I'm not making fun of you! Honestly! It's... It's a good picture, George."

There was silence for a moment. "Yeah? Really?"

"Yes, definitely," Dream breathed. He regretted it the moment it passed his lips, until...

"I'm in this... discord server. Sometimes I post... stuff there," George confessed quickly, words tumbling over each other with embarrassment.

"Oh! That's cool!" Dream really did think it was cool, but he wished he had the name of the server. Was there a way to ask for it? "How did you get into that?"

George's blush was so dark that it could almost be heard through the call, painted all over his stuttered response. "Um, well... I guess... I mean, you know the "pretty privilege" meme? Well, I thought it was just a meme, but..."

It had never been a meme for Dream, and he would have told George that, but he knew it wasn't exactly what George had been looking for. Sometimes, there was an appeal in it being strangers, people who only knew you for your body, so they couldn't compensate for any perceived imperfections with a knowledge of your personality. "Yeah, yeah, I get it. Validation is... nice. Well, you *definitely* look good in that photo. I bet the server will love it!"

"You think so?"

"I know so!" Dream paused, wondering how much praise would be too much. They always flirted, but when "sus moments" became real feelings, it got a lot harder for him to know where the line was. After a moment of debate, he decided to go for it. He layered a healthy dose of teasing, to try (and fail) to cover his ass, and added, "That picture *definitely* makes you look pretty, Georgie." His voice was dangerously deep, a touch too flirty, and there was a hint of raw affection that tainted it all. He hoped George wouldn't notice.

"Thanks, Dream..." George replied, sounding a little awkward, as he always did when Dream complimented him.

"Anytime."

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The next photo came a couple weeks later. The entire time was spent with Dream trying to be normal, and mostly succeeding, with some brief forays into pure shame as he masturbated to a picture of his pretty best friend. He had jacked off to George before, but something about the skin, the shape of his cock against his underwear, and the careless grin, made it seem like more of a betrayal. This wasn't *meant* for Dream to see. It wasn't public.

But he couldn't stop.

Then things got worse. Another photo from George in his discord inbox, taunting him from his notification screen. Would it be something naughty for Dream to lose his mind over, or just an innocent photo of Cat? His hopes might have been higher if George hadn't been on a meme kick recently, filling Dream's inbox to the brim with silly images while he slept.

It wasn't a meme.

George was very shirtless, lying back on those familiar grey sheets with an arm tossed above his head, out of frame, and one tracing ever lower, just catching the edge of his boxers and revealing an inch of forbidden skin. The only clothes on George's body were the boxers and the scarf that covered his eyes and nose. His perfect, pretty, pink lips were slightly parted, as if begging to be kissed.

Dream wanted to kiss him so badly.

*Fuck.*

Despite himself, Dream saved the photo, tucking it away in that secret folder for George, and hated himself as he did. He hated the erection that popped up against his will too, and the desperate orgasm that he stroked himself through in too short a time. This wasn't sustainable, but what else could he do, tell George? Ask for them? Admit he liked them? No, he couldn't do that.

After cleaning himself up and making extra sure he still had the photo, he sent George a reply.

*Dream: So is this a thing now, or was it another accident? XD*

The question was too real, but he couldn't ask anything else. He stared at the screen, expecting an immediate reply, since the photo had only been sent a few minutes prior, but there was nothing.

For a moment, Dream was sure he saw *George is typing ...* pop up, but it disappeared and there was no message, so he was sure he imagined it.

An hour later, a reply finally came. Dream had settled into some editing while he waited, sure George had fallen asleep or something, but the notification sound jolted him back to reality.

The picture was gone.

*George: Oh my gosh! How do I keep doing this?*

*George: I'm so sorry, Dream!*

*George: Please forgive me!*

*Dream: It's really not that big a deal.*

*Dream: I honestly don't mind.*

Dream almost offered to look at them, make sure they were good enough for the server, but that felt... a little too gay and obvious.

*George: You promise you don't mind?*

*George: Like that one was...*

*George: I just don't want to make you uncomfortable.*

*Dream: You didn't. <3*

*Dream: Promise.*

*George: Okay, cool! Thanks! :]*

Dream really wasn't sure what to say after that, so he set his phone down with a sigh, deciding that it wasn't a good time to try to talk to George. Despite trying to focus on the video, his mind kept circling back to the picture. The ghost of his dick, the expanses of soft, porcelain skin, and the cocky, knowing smile were all driving him *wild*. George being pretty had always been a problem, but if he *knew* he was... That could be dangerous.

His phone buzzed twice in succession, breaking his imaginative daze, and Dream picked it up.

*George: So...*

*George: What did you think of the picture? ;]*

Dream's breath caught in his throat and he choked on air for a moment, sputtering uselessly against nothing. How was he supposed to reply to *that*? Sure they play-flirted all the time, but that photo was so... intimate... What could Dream possibly say that would be appropriate? He couldn't destroy George's confidence by lying, especially since George knew him too well for lies to work, but if he said the truth...?

*Dream: It's a well done photo. Great lighting. I'm sure they'll love it. :)*

*George: Great lighting? Really?*

*Dream: I honestly don't know what you want me to say here...*

*George: I just want to know what you think. :]*

*George: Since you've seen it already, might as well ask.*

*Dream: George...*

*George: Please tell me?*

*Dream: Do you want me to tell you look pretty?*

*Dream: Because you do.*

*Dream Of course you do.*

Dream squeaked in horror as those bitter words poured into their messages. George's fishing had started to piss him off a little, especially since nothing could possibly come from it. It was just *teasing* , and Dream couldn't take it, not after what he had just seen (and done).

But it was too late. George had already seen it and was already typing. If Dream deleted them now, George would know it had been a mistake.

Dream had found hell.

*George: Oh, of course I do?*

*George: You think I'm pretty, Dream?*

Dream let out the longest, most exasperated sigh. Did George know what he was doing? If not, how could Dream stop it? If he did know, *why* was he *tormenting* Dream in this way.

*Dream: I've literally said so multiple times?*

*George: I know...*

*George: I just like hearing you say it sometimes. :]*

*George: It's...*

*George: Nice.*

George thought it was nice...? That was... interesting. Dream felt a little bold.

*Dream: You're very, very pretty, George.*

*Dream: The discord will absolutely drown you in compliments.*

*Dream: As they should.*

*George: Thank you, Dream. <3*

That was the moment it became too much. Dream slammed his phone down and slipped his headphones in. The video had to get done, and Dream couldn't keep falling down that rabbit hole.

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After about six hours, Dream finally let himself check his phone. Part of him worried there would be hundreds of messages from an anxious George, the other part worried that George had blocked him. It took a lot of courage for him to flip the thing over, to stare at it as the black screen lit up. He held his breath and waited.

He had one message from George, sent an hour prior, and it was an image.

His heart started to pound against his chest, hoping, *praying* that it was another gift, even as he couldn't believe he could be that lucky. There was a long period of internal debate as Dream stared at the notification, between hoping it was another picture of George himself and trying to get his hopes down for what was surely a meme.

It was a picture of George, lying down on his stomach. He was at an angle to the camera, so you could see most of his body, from a close up of his grinning face, to the slope of his back, the swell of his ass, and the bottoms of his feet, from where his legs were kicked up behind him.

He wasn't wearing anything.

Dream let out a shaky breath as he realized what that meant. From a different perspective, he might have been able to see George's...

Then, something else occurred to him. George's face was completely in frame and uncovered, no scarf, no arm, nothing, just his crinkled eyes and cute nose and perfect smile all on display. Dream savored that for a moment, but he realized that there was no way this photo was for a public discord server. If any fan saw that picture, it would have been recognized immediately. This one *had* to be for Dream. There was no other way, or at least Dream could allow himself to hope.

It was past time to throw caution to the wind. He had to ask.

Dream: George...

Dream: Are you doing this on purpose...?

Dream: Cause...

Dream: I don't mind if you are, but...

Dream: Like, what's the goal here?

George: Took you long enough . ;]

George: I like when you call me pretty, Dream.

Dream: George, you are so fucking pretty.

Dream: But why pretend they were for a server?

George: ;]

George: Because they were for a server

George: At first.

George: The first one really was an accident

George: But I liked it

Dream: Can we talk?

Instead of replying, George just called him. Dream stared at his phone, terror streaking through him, before finally getting the courage to answer. George liked being told how pretty he was?

Dream could do that. It didn't have to mean anything.

Dream answered with a non-committal, "Hey..."

"Hello, Dream." George's voice was honey and silk, sultry and alluring. Was he flirting? "Have you been enjoying my pictures?"

"Yes..." Dream breathed. He didn't know exactly where this game was headed, but he knew he wanted to find out.

"How much have you been enjoying them?"

"What?"

George let out a little sigh. "I'm asking if you've jacked off to them."

"Oh! Oh... Um..." There was no correct answer. The truth was yes, but how could he possibly confess that to George? He could try to lie and say no, but George knew him too well and could always just tell. Dream had no idea what to do, so he did nothing but sit in a mute horror, his mouth gaping open.

"I'll take that as a yes. So, you really think I'm pretty, Dream?" As if anticipating another awkward, fearful silence, George quickly added, "Because I like it. I've thought about you quite a few times, Dream. Your voice is just... delicious."

That broke the damn. "Fuck, George, you are actually so pretty, like *ridiculously* so. I can barely stand it, and then you sent that picture? My life has been absolutely *ruined* ever since, just *imagining* what you could do with that pillow. I just want to see *all* of you. I want to worship your body. George, you are fucking *perfect*."

"Ah, there it is." George was panting, soft gusts of air crackling against the speaker. "That's what I like to hear." A small hitched sound slipped out of him, and Dream started to wonder.

"Are you getting off to this?" Dream asked incredulously. George getting off to him? That sounded too good to be true.

"Yes," George sighed, and suddenly there was rustling, moans, and skin on skin. "Please keep talking?"

Dream had never been more erect his entire life, which might have been the reason he was able to be bold. "I'd be happy to, but it would be easier to tell you if I could see..."

"Oh, you want to watch me? I think I can do that for you... Switch to discord?"

"Absolutely." The computer took too long to come to life, especially since Dream wanted to touch himself, to see George's pretty face and beautiful body, all on display for *him*. It sounded too good to be true, but when he finally logged into discord, George was already waiting in a private call. A *video* call.

Dream joined immediately, only to be completely stunned. George was wearing the huge, black, smiley hoodie and, as far as Dream could see, nothing else. The same pillow was wedged between his legs, but this time, his cock was pressed into it. Dream thanked every deity who could possibly exist that George had bought that HD camera for his streams, because everything was so clear. He could even see the precum beading in his slit.

Dream wanted to taste it more than anything.

The picture was sexy as all hell, but George was clearly a little anxious. He was covering the bottom half of his face with sweater paws, blush clear and running up his half-exposed cheeks. All the confidence seemed to be leaking away from being on display with no idea of how it was going.

Dream could fix that. “*George ! Oh my God . I just... Fucking... You’re so pretty . God I just... The things I would do...*”

That seemed to help him gain some of his confidence back. Slowly but steadily, he lowered his hands, instead using them to brace himself on either side of the pillow. “Yeah, what would you do to me? I want to hear it.”

“Can... Can I jack off while I tell you?”

George looked right at the camera, batting his huge brown eyes and lifting a section of the hoodie to tease at his pale skin. “Yes. In fact, I insist that you do.”

“*Fuck , George, you’re going to be the death of me.*” Dream’s erection fell out of his pants, painfully hard and already leaking. “Um... Hold on... I’m... It’s hard to think...”

George’s grin was everything. It split his entire face, crinkling his eyes and nose and making everything about him sparkle. “Oh, am I *distracting* you, Dream?”

“Yes. Yes, you absolutely are. I mean, George, do you really not know what you look like?”

“Of course I do.” George shrugged. “I’m not really my own type.”

“Well, you’re *definitely* mine. As for what I’d do to you...” Dream paused, scanning George from head to toe, finally letting his fantasies run wild. It felt freeing, and he absent-mindedly stroked himself as he did it. “I definitely want to kiss you, but not just on your lips. I want to kiss every inch of your perfect skin, to claim you with my mouth, to know that you are under me and letting me touch you.”

A gasped moan echoed through the room as George started rutting against the pillow, his head tossed back as he let the pleasure flow over him. “God, I wish you could touch me.”

“Me too, Georgie. And I want to *taste* you. I want to take you into my mouth and suck you down until you can’t *breathe* . I want to unravel with you with my tongue and feel your cum hit the back of my throat. I want to hear you *scream* my name because of how *good* it is.”

“Oh, *Dream !*” George cried out, humping the pillow for all he was worth, “Fuck, Dream, *please .*”

“Take off the hoodie for me?” Dream asked, a tiny bit of anxiety looping through him.

There was no hesitation from George though. He ripped the thing off, tossing it somewhere out of frame, and kept grinding down. His cock was weeping by that point, a small pool of pre-cum growing beneath his head, and his body tensed and relaxed rhythmically.

Dream was starting to realize that George was as affected by his voice as Dream was by George. He leaned into the microphone, pressing his lips against his pop filter, and murmured, “God, George, you look so pretty like that. You are fucking beautiful. The sexist man I have ever laid my eyes on. If only you could see what you look like to me, what you’re *doing* to me.” The entire time he spoke, his hand was on his cock, stroking faster and faster as he watched George listen to him talk.

George's head lolled back and a moan burst out of him. The even movements of his hips quickly became jerky and he whimpered. “*Dream... Ahhnn, I’m, mmm, so close .*”

“That barely took anything,” Dream teased, “You must really like my voice, Georgie.”

“Uh huh... I love it...” George was quickly coming undone. The beginning of the call had him bossing Dream around, leading the masturbatory charge, but he was approaching the edge, and fast. It was hard to hold back.

“And you *love* it when I compliment you, huh?” Dream continued, trying to keep his voice steady as he got close himself. “When I tell you that you are fucking *beautiful* ? That you’re the *definition* of pretty privilege. That watching you fuck that pillow is the hottest thing I’ve ever seen in my life.”

“Yes, yes, *fuck* , I love it *so* much!” George had a white knuckle grip on the pillow by that point, and he rolled his hips again and again, trying to crest that hill.

“And when we meet up, I’ll compliment you until your entire *body* is pink from it. I’ll hold you in my arms and tell you everything single pretty thing about you, right into your *ear* . You’re gorgeous, Georgie.”

That proved to be too much. George’s body seized, arching back from the camera as cum shot out of him across the pillow. He cried out his pleasure, Dream’s name pouring out of his mouth again and again, until he finally finished, slumping forward a bit and panting desperately.

Watching George finish, especially since it was so *powerful* , sent Dream over the edge too, and he didn’t bother holding back his sounds, knowing how much George liked when he was vocal. His orgasm was just as powerful as George’s had been and he found himself seizing from it, so caught up that he forgot to breathe for a moment. With a huge gasp of air, he was back, and he looked up to see George’s lazy grin.

“Was it good for you?” He asked, as if he hadn’t just heard the entire commotion that had just happened.

Dream rolled his eyes, but a grin still overtook his face. “You’re such an idiot.”

“You’re the one who didn’t get that I was flirting!”

“I figured it out!” Dream retorted, “It just... took me a little bit.”

George giggled, trying to straighten himself, even as his sensitive cock brushed the fabric of the pillow. “I practically had to spell it out for you with my ass, Dream.”

“That’s true... Maybe you could spell it out for me again? I’m a slow learner.”

“I mean... Maybe.”

“George, I want to do this again... Please?”

The teasing look on George’s face fell away, revealing a seriousness and conviction that Dream hadn’t expected. “I want to do this again too, Dream. I want to be *yours* , and I want you to be *mine* .”

“That sounds *perfect* to me.”

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It started to become a regular thing, and something that they told no one about. None of their friends knew that their normal discord calls sometimes became a private cam show for Dream, where George would do whatever he wanted and bathe in the praise and the delicious sounds of Dream's voice in his ears.

It became the new normal, and they both liked it a lot. Both of them considered themselves to be in a relationship, though no one had specifically brought it up, and they were happy.

Everything was perfect.

Time passed, and they kept going, becoming more and more serious until they really couldn't hide it anymore. At their six month anniversary, they told all their friends, and at nine months, they told their parents. There was something incredibly amusing about sharing the date of the first night they had masturbated with each other to their friends, but no one *actually* knew what their anniversary was from. Most people assumed that was when they had the "conversation," and it was probably better that they did.

At one year, Dream got a present in the mail.

He didn't know it was a present when he got it. It was just a square package that had been dropped on his doorstep, and he grabbed it with the rest, barely thinking about it. He just assumed it was something he had ordered for himself and forgotten. It was tossed on the table with the bills and the spam, ignored for a while as Dream did things around his house.

It was only after he had eaten something that he remembered to be curious about the unassuming package. He approached it cautiously, pair of scissors in hand, and tore it open to reveal... a book.

It was leather bound, the cover soft and supple with beautiful, decorative indentations. He wanted to know what was inside, but he also found himself turning it over and over, just savoring the feeling of it, until it occurred to him that he had ordered no such thing.

It was cinched shut with a simple leather string, which came undone easily, revealing the uncut, fluttering pages inside. The first page was blank, and as Dream flipped through, he found no title, no author, no information, until he finally turned the page and saw George.

In the picture, George was wearing a fuzzy-looking olive green cardigan and a pair of black, lacy boxers, covered in intricate vines that concentrated around his cock. The cardigan was parted a little, revealing a long rectangle of skin, and George was on his knees, legs spread wide open. He looked right into the camera with a devious grin, as if offering himself.

Dream swallowed, eyes tracing the entire image over and over again. Then he turned the page.

The next image was the same outfit, but with the cardigan slipping off George's shoulders, pooling around his hips.

The next had him stroking himself through the boxers.

The next was him cumming across his now naked chest, back arched and mouth hanging open with pleasure.

Dream was absolutely stunned. What had he done to earn something as delicious as this?

After that was an entirely new outfit. George, looking shy, in his oversized, black Dream hoodie. He was covering half his face with one hand, and pulling the hem down over his crotch with the other. The only other thing Dream could see was the thigh high, lacy red socks, which definitely drew attention. The scene continued in the following photos, with George lifting his arms above his head, to reveal a flash of stomach, the tops of those thigh highs, the creamy skin of his legs, and a matching pair of lacy boxers, this one decorated with fat roses. Then, George was pulling the hoodie off, his entire lithe form stretched out into a beautiful line.

The next image George had bent over in front of the camera, his perky ass encased in that pretty red lace, and the thigh highs leaving a beautiful chunk of leg that Dream wanted to touch so badly. Another of him from behind, but this one had him on the bed, face down, ass up, looking so ready to be played with. Dream wanted nothing more than to rip the pretty lace off.

He was fully erect by that point, so aroused and pleased with the whole display that he couldn't help but stroke himself lazily, though he didn't plan to cum. That would be a gift for a certain someone later.

The photos just kept coming. George standing naked in front of the glowing sun, nude body etched in a perfect silhouette. George in a black set of matched thigh highs and boxers on his knees, legs spread wide and layered pearl necklaces across his chest. Another of him nude, with one leg lifted just enough to carefully hide his cock from the camera, and the one that followed showing everything, including a cheeky grin on George's face. One of him lying on the bed, taken from right behind his ass, to show the soft, nude length of him. Several of George in the shower, with water streaming down his body.

Dream just kept flipping through, getting more aroused by the second, and despite originally wanting not to, he came before he finished flipping through the book. He paused for long enough to clean himself up, and went right back to looking at all the photos. Everything about it was perfect, especially considering the distance of their relationship.

The final picture was the softest. It was a photo of George in a huge t-shirt and a pair of pajama pants, lying in bed. No seductive poses, no alluring eyes, no promises of sex, just George in every day clothes, looking cute.

*Wish you were here! Happy one year! Love you, George. <3*

Suddenly, Dream wanted to cry. God, his boyfriend was the best.

He flipped the last page to see if there was anything else, and he found a USB tucked into a pocket that had been cut into the cover. He pulled it out curiously, and found it was blue, with a small red square painted on. A smile crept onto his face, and he imagined George sitting in front of the finished book, carefully and precisely trying to get the square just right before he sent the package off.

Plugging it revealed a folder called: Open Me ;], which turned out to be *full* of pictures. Dream scrolled through and realized that it was most, if not all, of the shots George had taken for the book, including ones he hadn't chosen to print. There were also many videos, which were HD recordings of his photographic process, how he posed, adjusting the lighting, and all the fun parts too. Videos of him changing clothes, jacking off, cumming on every single outfit, and more.

Dream was in absolute paradise. His no longer private stash had only grown since dating George, but this was an actual jackpot. This would be enough to last him for a lifetime, or at least until

George moved in. It also made him so happy that he went with his gut for his gift for George.

Thinking about all of it was driving him crazy, though, and he couldn't wait a second longer, so he quickly grabbed his phone and called George.

"Hey baby, what's up?" George answered, as if he had no idea why Dream called.

"*George ...*" Dream's voice was a bit gravelly and drenched with *need*. "I *love* it."

"Oh? What would 'it' be?" His words were all innocence, but his tone betrayed him.

Still, Dream couldn't help but play along. "The *photos*. The *book*. The *videos*. George, fuck, it was all so fucking amazing! You are literally the most beautiful, pretty, and wonderful boyfriend *ever*. As soon as we meet... Oh, man, the things I want to do..."

"Oh, I know, baby. Hopefully it will be soon. And I'm glad you like them."

"You are so fucking hot, George."

Even without video, Dream could hear George's grin through the phone. "I know, and I like being sexy for you, so expect a lot of that when we get together."

"Oh, I would love that! But George..."

"Yes, Dream?"

Dream took in a dramatic, deep breath, as if bracing himself for something. "I have something to confess to you."

There was silence for a moment. "Yeah?"

Another deep breath. "I didn't mail you your anniversary present."

George burst out laughing. "Oh my *God*, Dream! I thought you had cheated or lost the flash drive or something. That's no big deal!"

"Oh thank goodness! I was worried you'd be mad." Dream paused, staring at the leather cover. Soon, he would get more. "I just thought it would be silly to send it to you..."

"Why?"

"Because I figured it would make more sense to give it to you in person."

George gasped. "In person? So you don't want me to get it for who knows how long?"

"Check your email, Georgie." Dream managed to say it calmly, even as he was vibrating with excitement in his seat.

"What? I mean, I guess I can, but..." George trailed off, and the only sound that slipped out of the speakers was the occasional click of the mouse, until finally. "DREAM! You didn't! Oh my god!"

"Yes, baby. And they're first class! Plus, I can change the date to whenever you want too! I figured it was time!"

"Thank you, oh thank you so much! I can't wait!!" George shrieked, and Dream could hear the celebration as things were jostled around and knocked over. "I love you so much!"

“I love you too, Georgie.”

## End Notes

Check out my Twitter! [@Anoa\\_Rayne](#)! Messages/comments/replies welcome! 😊 Warning!  
It's NSFW!

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